

a power so lovely

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a power so lovely

by [Maven Morozov](#)

Summary

“Not yet, Solnishka . Patience is a virtue, you as a Saint must know this,” he replied mockingly with a small smirk, a hand coming to rest on her leg and rubbing circles in her skin up to her thigh.

Alina snarled at him, propping herself up on her elbows, which promptly sunk into the soft black sheets of the Darkling’s massive bed, unbalancing her. “But I am not a Saint, Aleksander. You know that better than anyone.”

Some Darklina smut for Darklina Fictober & Kinktober day 20!

Notes

takes place somewhere during ruin & rising

written for:

- darklina fictober
- kinktober day 20: edging

Note: you can always age up alina if it makes you more comfortable!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Alina had never been fucked even half as well as this. With the Darkling poised above her, the soft black cloth of the outer cloak of his kefta brushing the sensitive skin of her breasts, she thought that she might just be in heaven.

She couldn't tell if it was dream or reality, or maybe that was just the effect of the two consecutive near-orgasms she'd just experienced, and yet, the Darkling was not willing to let her go. His hand, pale and lithe, brushed aside a lock of her brown hair, and he leaned closer to her ear as he did so. "My Alina," he whispered, "You are mine, do you understand?"

She did understand, and she wouldn't have dared to say—or even *think*—otherwise. The Darkling was powerful and strong and cunning, both in bed and out in front of Ravka, and he wouldn't accept disobedience. "I do," Alina said in reply. "I am yours, Aleksander."

He flinched violently at the sound of his name from her lips, and Alina had to smirk at that. Sometimes, the littlest of things could trigger such a great amount of emotion from him, and each time it happened, it was as if she could see the whole world in his face. He looked so *young* in those moments instead of the ancient being he was in reality.

But he regained his composure quickly, as he always did. Centuries of practice had afforded him that, though Alina knew that she would master the skill in time. They would live a long time together, and Alina would rival him in his stoicness. They would be equals, someday.

But that day was not now.

Alina moaned as the Darkling leaned down to kiss her again, his teeth digging into her lower lip as he yanked on a lock of her hair. "I will savor you slowly," he growled, moving his lips down her jaw and neck, slowly making his way down to her collarbone. "I will make you beg, Alina. You understand?"

She only moaned in reply, allowing his hands and tongue to wander, her own brows furrowing in concentration. She could feel the Darkling's eyes roving across her body, and every place that they settled she felt aflame. She could feel, too, the soft tendrils of darkness, its skeins drifting in the air around him as he made his way down her stomach and to her cunt, almost whispering to her. She still retained some of his power from that day in the cathedral, and now it called to her.

Alina gasped as she suddenly felt the Darkling's tongue on her clit, and she bucked her hips up to meet his touch. "Aleks—"

She felt the breath of his laugh on the most sensitive part of her body and tensed.

"Say my name," the Darkling—her beloved, monstrous Aleksander—whispered, before leaning down again to paint circles against her clit with the tip of his tongue. Alina writhed, but he stopped and looked up to meet her eyes again. "Scream it loud, darling. I want all the

Saints and men to hear you. I want all my Grisha to know that you are *mine* , that you belong to *me* , *my* Alina.”

His voice turned guttural and rough as he returned to his task and began to move faster, and Alina gasped and moaned as he went, despite the fact that she was not sure if the Little Palace could hear her through the bond, despite the fact that she looked like an insatiable slut.

“Aleksander—please—I’m about to—”

Yet again he pulled away, and Alina let out a scream of frustration. “ *Aleksander—please...* ”

“Not yet, *Solnishka* . Patience is a virtue, you as a Saint must know this,” he replied mockingly with a small smirk, a hand coming to rest on her leg and rubbing circles in her skin up to her thigh.

Alina snarled at him, propping herself up on her elbows, which promptly sunk into the soft black sheets of the Darkling’s massive bed, unbalancing her. “But I am not a Saint, Aleksander. You know that better than anyone.”

He only raised one eyebrow. “I do.” She felt his hand against her cunt and pushed herself into it with a whine. Aleksander chuckled and rubbed his thumb into her clit, a finger slipping inside of her dripping hole. “I know you more than anyone in Ravka, than anyone in the entire world.” Another finger slipped in alongside the first, and Alina moaned as he began to drive them in and out, his thumb still pressing into her clit. “I know you more than Genya or Nikolai, and even that pathetic tracker.”

“I need—” Alina said.

“Tell me.”

Alina gasped as he slipped a third finger inside of her, body unused to such friction. Mal had never really foreplayed with her, for the one time they had slept together, he had simply dived inside of her with his cock, and although he’d whispered lovely words into her ear, Alina had never felt the tension and *need* she felt now. “I need—faster—” she mumbled, ashamed of her own self, ashamed of the way that she begged for him. They thought her a Saint, and she could have been a queen, too, but in this moment, she was nothing but the Darkling’s little whore.

“As you wish, *Solnishka* ,” he murmured in reply, pulling in and out of her cunt with his fingers, thumb nearly vibrating in its speed on her clit. “Look at you laid out before me. A feast for my eyes and my body. All *mine* .”

Alina moaned at his words, arching her back as she pressed into his touch. “Tell me more,” she choked out.

She saw him narrow his eyes. “Where were we before?” he asked. “Ah, yes. We were discussing how I am the only one who truly sees you, *understands* you. I have never turned away, darling Alina. I know that there is darkness in your light, a shadow that follows you everywhere. I know that you have killed and not regretted it. I know that you are not blind to the allure of freedom.”

“By freedom,” Alina said though clenched teeth, “do you mean *power*? ”

The Darkling shrugged as he continued to fuck her with his fingers. “If that is what you want to believe,” he murmured quietly. Then— “How far are you, darling?”

“So close—” Alina said in reply. “Almost... *ah*— ”

Then the friction against her nerve endings was gone, and she was left cold and empty.
“*Aleksander!*”

“Not yet,” he said for what seemed to be the thousandth time, hands scooching their way under her body to grab onto her ass and squeeze it. Yet another way of claiming her.

“Aleksander, *please* fuck me,” Alina moaned. “Please allow me to come.”

The Darkling tsked. “Are you such a slut that you need me now?” he asked mockingly. “Your little cunt needs my cock to fill it up? Hmm?”

Alina nodded, barely able to breathe. She reached a hand down to touch herself, but was caught in an instant, a pale, lithe hand encircling her wrist tightly. “I said, *wait!* ” the Darkling scolded tersely. “Do as I say!”

“Yes, *moi sovrenyi* . I’m sorry, *moi sovrenyi* .”

His face softened back into a smile, though his eyes were still flinty. “Fine,” he finally said, and the word itself might have almost provided her with release. Almost. But then he at last threw off his dark cloak, the heavy black fabric pooling at his feet behind him. A moment later and he was unbuttoning his kefta, each gold button caressed in his lithe fingers. Alina felt herself blushing as she looked at them. Those fingers were still covered in the stickiness of her own fluids, and she wanted him back inside of her.

His kefta, bit by bit, fell away, and Aleksander, the formidable Darkling, stood before her pale and naked and leanly muscled. He was nearly black-and-white, devoid of color except for the red pulsing of his long, hard cock, and he was marvelous. He was sculpted just enough, like a marble statue, and she had never seen such human beauty in her life. He was everything graceful; he was a brewing, waiting storm. “Now, I will indulge you,” he whispered, and Alina felt goosebumps erupt across her skin as he spoke.

The Darkling slowly crawled on top of her, and though he looked as cold as ice, there was a warm, dark heat radiating from his skin. “Are you ready, love?”

She shivered beneath him and nodded. He had called her *love* . Had he known the implications of that word? Perhaps he had only meant it as a pet name, but there had been something else beneath it, too, like that if nothing else, they were still meant for each other. Like they would always be pulled back together despite the forces from themselves and others that drove them apart. They had this bond, after all.

With a grunt and a sigh, the Darkling leveled his cock at the level of her cunt and slowly pushed himself inside, allowing Alina to adjust to his size. She groaned and waited for the

pain to dissipate, then experimented, pulsing her walls around his hard length. “Alright,” Alina whispered, letting her eyes flutter closed. “Go ahead.”

The Darkling nodded once, his eyes intense, then began to move in and out of her, slowly at first, then quicker. His breath came in short pants, and hers did too, interspersed with little moans. “Aleksander, *Aleksander*—”

“Keep saying my name,” he growled, and as he spoke, the shadows coalesced around him, a cloud that ensconced them in the dark.

“Aleksander!” Alina whined, taking his hands. She could feel his happiness as their fingers entwined and he pressed hers to the mattress, giving him better leverage. “Touch me!” she said, and he let go of one of her hands to rub her clit once more.

She was already stimulated by his previous advances, but she hoped that he would not refuse her needs again. She was so, so close... “Aleksander, I’m about to—”

“Come for me, my Alina,” he murmured into the skin of her shoulder, tickling her skin.

She did, white wetness milking his cock and pulsing around it heavily as he continued to pound into her. The Darkling grunted and moved faster, his own orgasm approaching.

A few seconds later, he came as well, sighing as he fell on top of her, cock still slotted in her hole. “Thank you,” he mumbled.

“For what?” Alina asked softly.

He kissed her slowly, and Alina reached up to tousle his hair, loving its softness under his fingerpads. “Tell me,” she said when he didn’t respond. “Tell me.”

“For being with me. For being near me,” he replied, so quiet that she just barely heard it. His sentiment softened her heart, and she wanted to be next to him forever. But this was only temporary. They couldn’t be together for eternity, no matter how much she wanted it. She still cared too much for her friends, for everyone who the Darkling would not spare. The thought made tears spring to her eyes. She had never wanted any of this. And now it was too much.

“Why are you crying?” he asked, cupping her cheek with his hand.

Alina shook her head, then said, “I love you.” She was surprised at her own gumption, but it was true. She loved him. And she hated herself for it.

The Darkling’s mouth fell open slightly. “I love you too, Alina,” he finally said to her. “I will always love you, no matter what that costs me.”

She furrowed her brow, confused, and taken aback— *what did that mean?* But just as soon as the words passed his lips, he disappeared into thin air, the unnatural darkness fading with him into the regular navy-blue night. She wasn’t in his chambers at the Little Palace anymore, but in a small tent with an open flap that looked out to the starry night sky, surrounded by her friends, her *good, kind* friends, who were nothing like Aleksander. They would never understand.

She almost wondered if it had all been a dream. But when she shifted her legs, she could feel the leftover wetness between her folds, and she knew.

A tear slipped down her cheek, and Alina let it fall. She wanted Aleksander beyond almost everything. But *almost* wasn't enough.

Slowly, she drifted off into sleep, fitful as it was. She didn't know how she could face him again. Or maybe, just maybe, she would. And she would hold some of the power that he did not. Love was not a simple thing, after all, and Alina knew that men would kill for it. The thought comforted her as she turned onto her side and wrapped her arms around a phantom body, closing her eyes and falling into slumber.

End Notes

hope you enjoyed! comments are always appreciated;)

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